THE EMERALD.

(NEW ESTABLISHMENT.)

VOL. I.] *Boston, Saturday, Oct.* 8, 1808. [No. 51.

ESSAYS
OF THE LAST CENTURY,
BY PROTEUS ECHO.
No. 21.

Etas parentum peior auis, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem. HOR.

WHEN we are surrounded with buildings that are near to us, and of considerable height, our prospects are broken and interrupted, that we are not able to behold those objects which are beyond, and distant from the intervening body; yet if we raise our sight but a very little higher, the eye breaks over the top of the loftiest edifice, and darts away in an unbounded progress through the wonders of immensity. It is very often with our souls as it is with our sight, when we are incumbered with cares, and struggling under the restraints of our bodily indispositions; when our understandings are enveloped in clouds, and all the bright and beautiful ornaments in our imagination, seem to be extinct or dimmed, and we are scarce able to master any other reflection, then, that we are in a confused and bewildered condition.

I was the other night in a circumstance of mind very little short of what I have been here describing, when by the unexpected visit and conversation of a very desirable companion, I was suddenly rescued from this dumpishness and captivity, and at last let out into such enlargements and contemplations as are worthy the employment of a reasonable being. And whether it was owing to our reflections upon the vanity of all sublunary pleasures and possessions, or whether it might proceed from a natural tenderness and concern for such of my fellow creatures as are miserable; but as soon as the slumbers of the night had sealed up my eyes and senses, I was suddenly surprised with the following vision.

Methought I was with a great multitude embarked in one bottom, bound for one port, and shooting with incredible rapidity through a narrow but impetuous gulph, till by the violence of the roaring current, I was hurried upon the bleak shore of an unfrequented wilderness.

It was some considerable time before we were recovered from the surprise and fatigues of our shipwreck, but were never able to wear off the wounds and disorders which were received in our passage to this place, which I thought was designed for our exile and pilgrimage. Great numbers followed us in thick successions, and while they were plentifully pouring upon the strand, methought we were all with a painful curiosity marching up a long and difficult ascent, to take a prospect of the country. But the appearance of nature at that time,

in all the richest embroideries and allurements of the spring, did so powerfully strike upon the fancy of every traveller, that we should not have been able to proceed, if it had not been for the hopes of increasing our pleasure by our progress. A vast variety of pastimes and entertainments started up before our sight, and kept us perpetually upon the bound and chase, till we were all insensibly drawn into a wild and howling desert. While some were with great bitterness disputing which was probably the right road to felicity, and others of a gay turn and indifference were inclined to linger behind, and sport in the flowery and deligthful fields which were stretched at the entrance of the forest; I happened for my own part, upon a path which led me into a tedious labarinth that was perplexed with thorns and briars, rocks and thicketts, with broods of poisonous vermin; and swarming with armies of our own species, that seemed to be steering all points of the compass, and toward every glade and opening, as I thought, in pursuit of what we call happiness. I could not but with the utmost sympathy and compassion bewail the delusion of my fellow creatures, who I found were all with the same views, pursuing as many different paths as there were tempers and apprehensions among them. Great numbers were busily employed in rearing magnificent tents and houses, laying out prodigious sums to adorn and beautify them, when they were to continue in them but for a night, and then were to leave them behind, with all their labour and expense, for the possession and enjoyment of an unthankful posterity.

I had travelled but a very little further before I thought I was making my entrance into one of those large buildings, which was originally designed for the refreshment of weary and bewildered travellers, but found it now no other than the rendezvous and receptacle of a race of creatures that were resolved upon their own destruction: this, I was informed, was called *the Temple of Bacchus*. I had the curiosity to visit every apartment, and was startled to find many persons of honourable descent and figure, who were in danger of ruining their families and constitutions, by their constant intemperance, and were now so horribly disguised, that they were metamorphosed into a condition inferior to the lowest order of creatures.

From hence I was conveyed to another building of such a prodigious bulk as to cover several acres of ground, which I was informed was called, *the Universal Hospital*, and which I observed, had a constant communication with the public house which I have just mentioned, and from whence it seemed to receive its guests in very large and constant supplies. I was very desirous of visiting the wretched inhabitants of this, *magazine of misery*, and as I was making my entrance into one of the longest apartments, I was struck back with the sight of a numberless multitude, who were panting and expiring with various diseases, and which I was told proceeded all from the same original. Here I beheld a swarm burning in the agonies of a malignant fever, and there lay as close as possible a number that were lingering upon the extremes of life by a consumption. In this place, were sitting a regiment of cripples confined to their arm-chairs, with their feet muffled, and their faces very much upon the sour with the gout. In that,

I beheld a great part of the floor covered with a race of the same species, stretched down upon their faces, and roaring out with the tortures of the stone and the dry-belly-ach. Some were swoln to a prodigious bulk, and were ready to burst with the dropsy; and others were mourning under the perpetual distillation of catarrhs, and rheumatic humours. These, with thousands of other objects labouring under a complication of diseases beyond the reach of medicinal application, were the miserable inhabitants of this place. But the dismal groans and complaints, the ghastly looks and dying shrieks, together with the dead bodies which were continually carried off to make room for others that were as constantly coming in; made such an impression upon me, that I could not forbear joining my voice and my tears in a doleful consort with the subjects of such wretchedness. I turned myself to one of the physicians of the place, with looks and language that denoted my distress, to enquire into the causes of their various distempers, who informed me, that all these persons had been wilfully instrumental to their own misery by their excessive drinking of strong liquors, and that it was almost impossible to keep them from their cups in the very agonies of their dissolution.

In the very next apartment, I was unspeakably surprised to behold a numberless crowd of the female sex, whose faces seemed to be on fire with some inward inflammation, and who I was informed had burnt down their fine and delicate constitutions with the unseasonable use of spiritous liquors in their closets. Some were mourning under the curse of barrenness, and others were in the last and desperate state of consumption; and many others have entailed upon themselves and their miserable progeny such weakness and infirmities as were never like to be removed. Not far from hence, in much greater quantities was an assembly of females also, who had by their sloth and idleness brought themselves into circumstances, not much superior to the former. Their garments, which were not originally of their own making, were very much decayed, and their bodies were pinched and enfeebled with hunger. The whole mass of their blood was stagnating in their veins for want of suitable motion and exercise, while their faces were overcast with livid paleness, with here and there a black patch, to hide the ghastliness of their countenances. The phantom which stood at the door of this apartment, was *poverty*, with *pride* before her, and *shame*, *disgrace* and *sickness* in the rear.

I had now some thoughts of entering into another room, which I learnt was reserved for such as had ruined themselves by their gluttony; which opened into another very large apartment that was crowded with such as were suffering for their wanton and lascivious practices. But the near approach of night hastened me from this temple of misery, into a road where I was affected with a multitude, that with guady attire, and cheerful countenances, were singing and dancing to their instruments of musick, as they were hastening on to the place where they were all speedily to be executed; notwithstanding a number of persons, of a grave and serious aspect and behaviour, were pleading and beseeching them with tears in their eyes, and their commissions in their hands, to stop their unnatural pro-

gress to their own destruction.

Thus I travelled through a series of difficulties and disappointments, sometimes meeting, at other times overtaking, till I had at last winded myself within sight of an opening, which let my eye into a plain of an extent, next to infinite. I hastened with quick and eager steps, till I had immerged out of this wilderness to such a scene as had like to have overborne me with unutterable astonishment.

Methought I beheld a high and mighty tribunal about the middle of the plain, with very great preparation against an assize which was approaching. And after a summons was proclaimed with an audible and tremendous sound, there poured in from every quarter such prodigious swarms of people, that the plain was blackened with the multitude, who methought were wedged round in a circle of an amazing circumference, preserving such a space in the center, as kept them at some awful distance from the seat of judgment. There appeared such a dreadful majesty and complacency in the judge, as inspired with unspeakable delight and terror, according to the sanctity or viciousness of the spectators; and while I was secretely wondering at my own fortitude and serenity, I was suddenly thrown from my sleep, with the late thundering convulsions of the earth. U.

BIOGRAPHY.

Luis de Granada, the most eloquent of the Spanish divines, was born 1504, in the city whence he afterwards took his name. His parents were in such abject poverty, that the mother supported herself by washing and baking for the Dominican convent, and the child fed with the mendicants at its gate. Accident brought him forward. One day he quarreled with another boy in the streets, and they came to blows. The tumult brought the marquis de Mondexar to a window, who had them parted, and asked Luis what he could say for himself for causing such a disturbance. The boy defended himself so ably and eloquently that the governor enquired who he was, and provided for his liberal education. When he was old enough he took the habit in the convent of Santa Cruz la Real, where his mother worked, and obtained permission during his noviciate, to share with her his allowance of food.

The friar soon became eminent in his order, and gradually rose to offices of trust by his zeal and talents. His personal austerities were excessive. Some young men of rank passing his convent at night heard the sound of the cord wherewith he was disciplining himself, and his groans. It affected them so much, that they turned back; for, says the biographer, they were not going about the service of God. The *cilicio* which he commonly wore was of hair-cloth, more than commonly rigorous, but for Lent and particular fasts, he had them of brass or iron wire. These follies might perhaps have had made him a saint, if his eloquence and genius had not raised him to a more active character. After various promotions he was made provincial of the Dominicans in Portugal; became the friend and counsellor of John III. and after his death confessor to the queen, who acted as regent during the minority of Sebastian. In this rank, and with the reputation of the most eloquent writer of his time, Luis still preserved the exte

rior of poverty and humility with a pardonable, and according to his belief, an edifying ostentation. One habit served him twelve years, one hat forty. A friend pressed him to accept another habit, urging, that his own was in rags; he answered, I wore a worse when I used to wait for broth at the convent door. He sent a large sum, from the profits of his works, to that convent, and requested they would enter it in their books, as an alms from brother Luis de Granada, the son of their washerwoman.

He lived till the advanced age of 84. "When the feebleness of childhood came upon him, when the tongue had no pleasure in taste, when the teeth were gone or moved loosely in his head, when the stomach could no longer digest, when all was pain and sorrow, none, says Luis de Sousa, can blame him if he relaxed somewhat of those austerities which he had practised from his youth up." An *unhappy circumstance* at Lisbon, wherein he was interested, broke him down, and is said to have hastened his death.

This circumstance is one which catholic writers choose only to hint at. A Dominican nun at Lisbon, by name Maria of the annunciation, affirmed that she was daily visited by Christ, and informed the provincial of her order, that he had promised to appear to her on St. Thomas Aquinas's day, and confer upon her the greatest honour which any creature was capable of receiving. On that day accordingly, when all the nuns and friars were assembled at matins, Christ crucified appeared to her, and in the sight of the whole congregation, inflicted all the wounds of his head, side, hands, and feet, upon the same parts of her body. "She had two and thirty wounds, such as thorns make, on her head, and in her side a gash resembling a spear wound, and on her hands and feet the wounds were of a triangular figure, as if made by a nail." The rags which she applied to them on Thursdays, had always the five wounds miraculously imprinted in the shape of a cross. The pope had one, the king of Spain one, and one was sent to the Empress, to be laid in her bed when she lay in. Philip II. had the royal standard of the armada blessed by this woman. Luis de Granada was one of those who testified to the truth of these miracles. He and the provincial, and other eye witnesses were examined by the inquisition; their report was favourable, and Pope Gregory XIII. wrote her a letter of congratulation. At length the political object of this artifice was discovered, and Philip was no longer a dupe when the nun began to assert the right of the Braganzan family to the crown of Portugal; he bade the inquisition re-examine the business, and the whole was pronounced to be imposture. This was the *unhappy circumstance* which hastened Luis de Granada's death; but he was in his extreme old age, and was, probably, like Fisher, a dupe, not an accomplice.

THE MEDLEY.

"Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The following extract from Paul Hentzner's Travels may give some idea of the extreme servility with which sovereigns were formerly treated in England:—

"We arrived next at the royal palace of Greenwich. It was here Elizabeth the present queen was born, and here she generally resides; particularly in summer for the delightfulness of its situation. We were admitted by an order Mr. Rogers had procured from the lord chamberlain, into the presence chambers hung with rich tapestry, and the floor, after the English fashion, strewed with rushes, through which the queen commonly passes in her way to the chapel; at the door stood a gentleman dressed in velvet, with a gold chain, whose office was to introduce to the queen any person of distinction that came to wait on her; it was Sunday, when there is usually the greatest attendance of nobility. In the same hall were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, a great number of counsellors of state, officers of the crown, and gentlemen who waited the queen's coming out; which she did from her own apartment, when it was time to go to prayers, attended in the following manner:—

"First went gentlemen, barons, earls, knights of the garter, all richly dressed, and bareheaded; next came, the chancellor, bearing the seals in a red silk purse, between two, one which carried the royal sceptre, the other, the sword of state in a red scabbard, studded with golden fleurs-de lis the point upward; next came the queen in the 65th year of her age, as we were told, very majestic; her face oblong, fair, but wrinkled; her eyes small, yet black and pleasant; her nose a little hooked, her lips narrow, and her teeth black (a defect the English seem subject to from their too great use of sugar); she had in her ears two pearls, with very rich drops; she wore false hair, and that red; upon her head, she had a small crown, reported to be made of some of the gold of the celebrated Lunenburg table; her bosom was uncovered, as all the English ladies have it, till they marry; and she had on a necklace of exceeding fine jewels. Her hands were small, her fingers long, and her stature neither tall nor low; her air was stately, her manner of speaking mild and obliging. That day she was dressed in white silk, borderered with pearls of the size of beans, and over it a mantle of black silk, shot with silver threads; her train was very long, the end of it borne by a marchioness; instead of a chain, she had an oblong collar of gold and jewels. As she went along in all this state and magnificence, she spoke very graciously, first to me, then to another, whether foreign ministers, or those who attended for different reasons, in English, French, and Italian; for besides being well skilled in Greek, Latin, and the languages I have mentioned, she is mistress of Spanish, Scotch, and Dutch; whoever speaks to her, it is kneeling; now and then she raises some with her hand. While we were there, W. Slavata, a Bohemian baron, had letters to present to her: and she, after pulling off her glove, gave him her right hand to kiss, sparkling with rings and jewels, a mark of particular favour. Wherever she turned her face as she was going along, every body fell down on their knees. The ladies of the court followed next to her, very handsome and well shaped, and for the most part, dressed in white: she was guarded on each side by the gentlemen pensioners, fifty in number, with gilt battle axes. In the antichapel next the hall, where we were, petitions were presented

to her, and she read them most graciously, which occasioned the acclamation of 'Long live queen Elizabeth.' She answered it with 'I thank you, my good people.' In the chapel was excellent music. As soon as the service was over, which scarce exceeded half an hour, the queen returned in the same state and order, and prepared to go to dinner. But while she was still at prayers, we saw her table set out with the following solemnity:—

"A gentleman entered the room, bearing a rod, and along with him another, who had a table cloth, which, after they had both kneeled three times with the utmost veneration, he spread upon the table, and after kneeling again they both retired. Then came two others, one with a salt-seller, a plate, and bread; when they had kneeled, as the others had done, and placed what was brought upon the table, they too retired, with the same ceremonies performed by the first. At last came an unmarried lady (we were told she was a countess) and along with her a married one, bearing a tasting knife; the former was dressed in white silk, who, when she had prostrated herself three times in the most graceful manner, approached the table, and rubbed the plates with bread and salt with as much air as if the queen had been present: when they had waited there a little while, the yeomen of the guards entered bareheaded, clothed in scarlet, with a golden rose upon their backs, bringing in at each turn a course of twenty-four dishes, served in plate, most of it gilt; these dishes were received by a gentleman, in the same order they were brought, and placed upon the table while the lady-taster gave to each of the guards a mouthful to eat of the particular dish he had brought, for fear of any poison. During the time that this guard, which consists of the tallest and stoutest men that can be found in all England, being carefully selected for this service, were bringing dinner, twelve trumpets, and two kettle drums made the hall ring for half an hour together. At the end of all this ceremonial, a number of unmarried ladies appeared, who with particular solemnity lifted the meat off the table, and conveyed it into the queen's inner and more private apartment, where after she has chosen for herself, the rest goes to the ladies of the court.

"The queen dines and sups alone, with very few attendants; and it is very seldom that any body, foreigner or native, is admitted at that time, and then only at the intercession of somebody in power."

FREEMASONS.

The society known by the name of Freemasons, is so called because they who first established it understood building and masonry; or perhaps the first principles of it were laid down by masons. But, whatever may have been their origin, they are now very numerous, and there is scarcely any country where there are not Freemasons. They trace their origin from the building of Solomon's Temple; and this, of all the circumstances which relate to their society, is the only thing they are permitted to communicate.

Notwithstanding the cloud which envolopes the proceedings of this society, it appears they attend to manners; and their secret is, by acts of disinterestedness, generosity and kindness, to fasten those bonds

which ought to unite mankind. If these be the principles of Freemasonry, the place in which they meet should be considered as the Temple of Friendship, at the gate of which is the God of Silence.

At Rome, it was common to see an innumerable quantity of poor persons of all nations, to whom, at certain hours, some of the monasteries gave soup daily. A Castilian, who had just arrived, and did not know at what hour the distribution was made, applied to a French ecclesiastic for information. The vanity of the Spaniard would not permit him to ask plainly at whose house they gave the soup—it was a sort of question that appeared too mean. After endeavouring for some time to find a mode of expression not quite so low, he thought it was better to ask the Frenchman, if he had taken his chocolate? "My chocolate!" replied the ecclesiastic, "how do you suppose I am to pay for it? I live on charity, and am waiting for the distribution of the soup at the convent of the Franciscans."—"Then you have not been there yet," said the Castilian. "No;" replied the Frenchman, "I am now going—it is just time."—"I beg you will conduct me thither," said the Don, "and you will then see *Don Antonio Perez de Valcabro de Redia de Montava de Veza, &c. &c.* give to posterity an example of his humility." "And who are these people?" asked the priest. "It is I," replied the Spaniard. "If so," answered the Frenchman, "you had better have said an example of a good appetite.

The following lines contain much beauty of description; they are extracted from an anonymous production called *a poetical sketch.* It is merely an episode in the composition.

"From Scotia's realms, where huge Ben lomond's form
With cloud-cap'd summit mingles with the storm,
Conrad the thane, whose matchless feats of praise
Charm'd in the simple songs of other days,
One summer-morn, as cottage legends tell,
Bade to his native hills a long farewell.
And now the sun in blushing streaks enroll'd,
Pour'd on the landscape round, a flood of gold:
When the young warrior turn'd, once more, to view
His mountain-home, just lost in distant blue;
And many a pensive sigh he left behind,
And many a wish, that mingled with the wind.
Sweet was the morn of Conrad's early day,
His heart at ease, and every care away;
Pleas'd and admiring Nature's wildest face,
Still, still, he lov'd his dearest native place:
Gaz'd on the prospect, with an hermit's eye,
Charm'd with the blue hill fading on the sky;
Oft was he wont from high Ben-lomond's brow,
To stand aloft, and span the world below,
There! as at morn, the wild cock of the moor
Sprung from his hill-haunt, and began to soar,
And the shy roebuck starting in the vale,
Held up his antlers to the whisp'ring gale,
Dumbarton's lake in bluish tints appear'd,
Its green-iles and its ruins long rever'd;
Where the sea-eagle on the rock's hoar crest
Exults to dwell, and rears its lonely nest.
Oft had the youth with hermit steps pursu'd
The wild-wood walk, the paths of solitude:
And heard, appal'd, the loud tumultuous din
Sweep down the white sheet-wave of Cora-Lin;
Where still the watch-tower on the foam-wash'd rock,
Hangs its wind-shaken ruins o'er the shock."

FOR THE EMERALD.

DRAMATIC RECORD.

No. 2.

Friday, Sept. 30.

BELLES STRATAGEM (Mrs. Cowley) and ROSINA.

THIS old comedy though liable to various objections, has always been a favourite in Boston; the annunciation however of some new performers evidently excited considerable attention in addition to the natural attraction of the piece. The performance this evening, in some degree displayed the strength of the company; some parts were very well sustained and others shockingly mutilated: and we venture to predict that unless the managers can find better representatives than filled the characters of Saville and Courtall, they may *hope* for *generosity* from the public; but can never *claim* their support. In this remark we do not mean to disparage the exertions of either Messrs. Johnson or Taylor; the first is a new and the last is an improved performer; but the characters which they sustained in the Belles Stratagem were certainly beyond the dimensions of their abilities.

Mr. Mills on the other hand is much above the character of Flutter. It is so flat and feeble that no process of talent can convert its foam into spirit. Mr. Mills more than filled it, and he certainly exhibited the superiority of his powers, to those which that character require.

Mrs. Woodham, deserves another wreath of praise for her performance of Letitia Hardy. In the masquerade scene, especially, she was eminently attractive.

Mrs. Turner who made her first appearance on this stage in the part of Lady Frances Touchwood, was favourably received. She is clear in enunciation and correct in the apprehension of her part. Her figure is small, and there is nothing striking in the expression of her face. We think she will be a favourite of the Boston audience.

Mrs. Mills who made her debut in the afterpiece of Rosina, has a voice of uncommon compass; her songs were well received, and she will probably be an ornament to the Boston corps.

Mrs. Cunningham performed Old Dorcas with propriety and nature.

Monday evening.

THE WEST INDIAN (Cumberland).

The celebrity of the *West Indian* arose as much from local causes at the time it was composed, as its continuance upon the stage since that period has resulted from its intrinsic worth. The formidable opposition with which it was threatened previous to its appearance, from the presumption of its satirising the West Indian character, was no sooner silenced, than the extreme of panegyric took possession of the public mind, which with the novelty of so good a drama at that time, gave such an impulse to the popularity of the production, that it was acted twenty-eight successive nights without the attraction of an afterpiece.

As to the peculiar merits of the piece it has been too long established as an excellent comedy to require support on one hand, or to be much affected by cavilling on the other. Yet Mr. Cumberland confesses the moral to be exceptionable, and in the conduct of the characters the author has not been very nice in his discriminations. We shall not however enter into the cavils of the critical, in respect to the faults of the West Indian; they are so trifling compared to its excellence that he must be fastidious indeed who can rise from a correct exhibition of it, without being mended in mind, and improved in disposition. In the character of Belcour there is nothing very objectionable; indeed it is one of the most interesting characters in the ranks of comedy. Inferior to Valentine in wit and polish, he is superior in nature and vivacity; beneath Ranger in the effrontery of gallantry he is above him in the ingenuousness of reconciliation; Charles Surface has more dissipation and an equal heart; but Belcour has greater intellect and that credulity combined with it, which renders him an object of more sympathy.

Mr. Mills is highly respectable in every character he undertakes; he is always perfect in his part, and that a-

lone will cover a multitude of failings in a performer: but to this Mr. Mills joins many excellencies. The reciprocation of dialogue in the Belcour of this evening however had not enough of vivacity; there was a want of bustle and animation, which rendered it inert; yet it was performed chastely and in the style of a gentleman. The humour of Belcour has no extravagance nor yet has it any restraint; it is free, warm, and glowing.—The performance of Mr. Mills we are inclined to think had the peculiarity, of keeping the character under, now though this quality is commendable and rare, yet in such parts as Belcour it might very well be overstepped. We hope, however, that Mr Mills will understand us as suggesting a manner equally removed from the dry and polished deportment of the Mirabel of Congreve as from the boisterous flippancy and termagant inelegance of the modern coxcomb. On the whole the Belcour of Mr. Mills was greatly approbated.

Mr. Caulfield in Stockwell played under peculiar disadvantages; he was as imperfect in his part as a man well could be, and he was contrasted to Mr. Mills, who was exactly his opposite. Yet Mr. C. might perform that character respectably; but in his manners he should have more ease, and his utterance more freedom.

The part of Major O'Flaherty was well sustained by Mr. Bernard: some passages were admirable; there was a sterling nature in them that greatly enriched the character.

Captain Dudley by Mr. Johnson, was better cast and better performed than Charles Dudley by Mr. Taylor. Mr. Johnson is so intolerably deliberate in his utterance, that where he excites any interest the mind of the auditor is continually anticipating the next word.

We are willing to admit that Mr. Taylor has improved himself considerably since the last year; but what did he then perform? Certainly very subordinate parts: This season forsooth, we are amused with him in the very highest characters of the plays yet represented. We hope next week to see him in Richard, Lear and Macbeth; if he has so much superiority let him have a fair trial, that the public may be made acquainted with his merits. Seriously however, his performance of Charles Dudley though not disgraceful to him, was still very far below the acting which a Boston audience have a right to expect in that character.

Mr. Dickenson was respectable in Fulmer, but let him beware of introducing his *local allusions*; they generally plunge the character in incongruity.

Charlotte Rusport in Mrs. Woodham had a pleasing representative. She has always appeared to advantage, and on this evening she diminished nothing from her reputation.

Lady Rusport was played well by Mrs. Cunningham; there was much nature in some of her scenes.

The play went off with considerable approbation: but it laboured under the clogs of the inefficient performers we have just noticed; men who will do well enough in a subordinate range of characters, but who when exalted to a higher sphere only render themselves and the managers ridiculous—The paucity of talent in the company obliges the managers to require of their best performers so much labour as will injure their interest, and their ability to play well. Mrs. Woodham for instance was obliged to sustain the character of Charlotte Rusport and afterwards to step out of her line, and undertake the part of Patrick in the Poor Soldier. Should such things be?

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

While some workmen, were lately employed in digging a cellar in Fisher-street, Carlisle, they discovered, several feet below the surface, the handle of a Roman vase made of stone, highly ornamented, and a small hand-mill, both of Roman origin. These remains of antiquity were found beneath two distinct pavements, which the workmen had discovered in excav-

ating the earth. Pieces of pavement have been frequently found at the depth of ten or eighteen feet, under many parts of that city; which prove beyond doubt the frequent devastations, during the incursions of the Picts and Danes, before it was built in its present form by King William Rufus. The ground in Fisher-street is much below the level of any other part of the town, yet it is considerably higher than the ground without the city walls. A little below the surface, about twenty years ago, were discovered, at the lower end of this street, a most valuable collection of silver Roman coins, in a high state of preservation, which were bought up immediately by antiquaries, and are now deposited in the collections of the curious. They were principally coins of Adrian and Trajan.

According to the accounts given in at the last Pontefract sessions, there has been a decrease in the woollen manufacture, for the year ending March 25, when compared with the preceding one, of 13,518 peices of narrow cloth, making 498,848 yards; and of 28,245 peices of broad cloth, making 1,139,035 yards. The quantity manufactured the last year is greater than of 1803 and 1804, and exceeds the average of the five preceding years. The following is the account of the quantities manufactured for the last six years; and it is said, that the quantity of woollens manufactured during that period, and not included under the stamp act, has increased in an unprecedented degree. Manufactured in 1803, 13,709,800—1804, 13,966,794—1805, 15,427,434—1806, 16,272,578—1807, 15,991,279—1808, 14,353,396.

Mr. James Phœnix, of Liverpool, has invented a fire-alarm. By means of the expansion of heated air, water is forced out of a glass vessel upon a piece of loaf sugar, about half an inch square, the melting of which allows a spring to escape. This spring communicates with an alarm, or rings the bell in the lobby; but one of these alarms would be requisite for every room in a house.

Mr. John Ayrton Paris, of Caius college, Cambridge, and fellow of the Royal Medical Society, Edinburgh, has now in the press a Compendium of Modern Chemistry, in the Latin language; a small work intended as the *fidus Achates* of the medical as well as chemical philosopher. It treats not only of the principal subjects in chemistry, but unfolds the processes by which the different compounds of the London and Edinburgh Pharmacopœiæ are prepared, and the theories upon which such operations are founded. The analyses also of animal and vegetable bodies are as fully given as the prescribed limits of a compendium will allow. This work will also afford easy instructions for the disciple of the Stahlean school to become the proselyte of Lavoisier. The language in which it is written, will, it is hoped, render it no inconsiderable assistant to those desirous of writing or speaking medical Latin. And if it be remembered that no such publication has appeared in the chemical department subsequent to Boerhaave, the hope may not be presumptuous.

A society has been established at Edinburgh for the cultivation of the different branches of natural history. It is denominated the Wernerian Natural History Society, in honor of Werner.

The following works are in the Clarendon press: Lowth on the sacred Poetry of the Hebrews, 2 vols. 8vo. Vota Abdollatiphi, Arabic and Latin. Griesbach's Greek Testament, 2 vols. 8vo. Burnet's Abridgment of the History of the Reformation, 8vo.

The Rev. Mr. Stawell, of Cork, has in the press a translation of the Georgics of Virgil, with copious notes and annotations, illustrative of the rural economy and agriculture of the ancients.

DOMESTIC.

Proposals are issued by E. Bronson and others, Baltimore, for publishing a new periodical work, to be entitled Select Reviews, and Spirit of the Foreign Magazines.

Published by M. Carey, Philadelphia, price one dollar, and an eighth, C. Cornelii Taciti Historiarum Libri Quinque: Ad Fidem Optimarum Editionum Expressi. Cum Notis Barbou.

POETRY.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO DE RIOJA.

EVEN as the river swift and silent flows
Toward the ocean, I am borne adown
The gentle tide of time. Nought now remains
Of earlier years, and for the years to come,
Their dark and undiscoverable deeds
Elude the mortal eye. Beholding thus
How daily life wanes on, so may I learn
Not with an unprovided mind to meet
The hour when death shall gather up the old
And wither'd plant, whose season is gone by.
The spring flowers fade, the autumnal fruits decay,
And grey old winter, with his clouds and storms,
Comes on; the leaves that with their murmuring
Made a sweet music to our greenwood walks,
Now rustle underneath our sinking feet.
So all things rise and perish! Man the while
Doth with a dull and reckless eye look on,
And thinks not of his latter end. But we—
We will not let the thankless soil, which oft
Impregnate with the rains and dews of heaven,
Is barren still, and stubborn to the plough,
Emblem our hearts; we will not of our God
Forgetful be, as is the worthless vine
That in due seasons brings not forth its fruit.
Think'st thou that God created man to roam
The ocean waste, to wander o'er the earth,
To be the blasting thunderbolt of war?
Was this his being's end? Oh how he errs
Who of his godlike nature and his God,
Thus poorly, basely, blasphemously deems.
For higher actions, and for nobler ends,
Our better part, the deathless and divine,
Was given: the etherial fire cannot be quench'd
Which warms my breast, and when that breast is cold,
The unextinguishable fire shall burn
With brighter splendour. Till that hour arrive,
Following the call of my diviner part,
Be it my lot to live, and through the world,
Careless of human praise, pass quietly.
The eastern despot, he whose silver towers
Shot back an emulous splendour to the sun,
He was too poor for sin's extravagance.
But virtue, like the air and light of heaven,
To all accessible, at every heart
Intreats admittance. Wretched man is he
Who, through the perils of the earth and sea,
Toils on for gold! A little peaceful home
Bounds all my wants and wishes; add to this,
My book and friend, and this is happiness."

LINES,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF BENJAMIN GOLDSMID, ESQ.

BY MR. PRATT.

Whate'er has led thee to the fatal blow,
Ah! little boots it weeping friends to know;
The *rich* who lov'd, the *poor* who bless'd thy worth,
Whate'er the cause, shall consecrate thy earth;
The spot shall hollow, that receives thy dust,
And many a pensive *Virtue* guard thy bust.
Pity shall sigh o'er thy untimely bier,
And *Gratitude* embalm thee with a tear;
Grief's sacred progeny thy fate shall mourn,
And orphans, widows, kneeling, clasp thy urn.
Led on by *Charity*, this train shall bear,
This angel train, the supplicating prayer
To cherub *Mercy* shall that pray'r be giv'n
Mercy, supreme among the host of Heav'n
She, join'd by myriads in the blest abode,
Shall breathe it on the bosom of thy God.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR,
By E. G. House, No. 5, Court Street.